

# THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY," FOR "POWER IS ALWAYS STEALING FROM THE MANY TO THE FEW."

VOLUME XVII.]

CHARLOTTE, N. C. OCTOBER 9, 1846.

[NUMBER 1.

T. J. HOLTON,  
EDITOR, PROPRIETOR & PUBLISHER.

**TERMS:**  
TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid in advance. THREE DOLLARS if not paid within six months; and THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square, (16 lines or less, this sized type), or the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent. higher; and a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular price, for advertisements by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly \$1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cents per square for each time.

**AGENTS:**  
Cal. R. M. Cothren, Mecklenburg, N. C.  
Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.

**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**

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## HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

**J. W. RAINEY**  
TENDERS his services to the public in the above line of business. Having prepared himself with all the tools and implements necessary to the prosecution of his business, and having been for several years engaged in it, he hopes by submitting attention to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

## Ornamental, Sign, Flag & House PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING.

will be promptly executed in a superior style and at moderate charges. Specimens of his work may be seen in any of the surrounding counties of Mecklenburg, Union, Lincoln, Rowan, Iredell, Caldwell, Stixey or Anson.

## NEW STOCK.

**THOS. TROTTER**  
Has just received a splendid stock of NEW

## JEWELLERY.

Gold and Silver Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Penknives, and various other articles in stock. All orders for repairs in the silversmith line done neatly, expeditiously, and at moderate prices.

## Permanent School.

**Alexandria Academy,**  
Buckingham co., N. C. 10 miles North of Charlotte.

**D. D. Wharton, Principal.**  
**Rev. H. B. Cunningham, Rector.**

THE third Session of this Institution commences on the 13th instant, under the superintendance of the above gentlemen. The course of studies adapted is such as to prepare pupils for admission to the Junior Class in any of our Colleges. Its location is as pleasant and healthy, and so far removed from all causes of dissipation, as any in this section of the State.

**Terms.**  
Boarding, including washing, fuel and lights, per month, \$3 00  
**Tuition.**  
Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, per session of 2 months, 6 00  
Algebra, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, 7 00  
Latin and Greek Languages, 12 00  
June 4, 1846.

## TO PRINTERS.

**Type Foundry and Printers Furnishing Warehouse.**

THE SUBSCRIBERS have opened a NEW TYPE FOUNDRY in the City of New York, where they are ready to supply orders to any extent, for any kind of JOB or FANCY TYPE, and every article necessary for a Printing Office.

The Type, which are cast in new moulds, from the strictly new set of materials, with deep corners, are excelled by no other in the world, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

Printing Presses furnished, and also Steam Engines of the most approved patterns.

N. B. A Machine is constantly in attendance to repair Presses to do light work.

Editors of newspapers, who will buy three times as much type as their bills amount to, may have the above six months' insertion in their papers, and send their papers containing it to the subscribers.

**CHICKROFT & OVEREND, 68 Ann St.**  
October 3, 1845. 32-6m

## TO PRINTERS.

THE Subscriber has for sale, at his place 9 miles East of Raleigh, one pair of SMALL PICA, 30 lbs. which has been some time in use, though not much worn. The Supreme Court Reports for 1845 were printed on this paper, and it has not been used since. This font will be sold for \$65, Cash, including cases. Also 300 lbs. LONG PRIMER on Small Pica type. This font is nearly new, and will be sold for \$80, including cases. Any person who takes 500 lbs. Font, can have them for \$150, Cash, or negotiable paper at the Bank of the State.

## New Grocery & Confectionary STORE.

THE subscriber informs the citizens of Charlotte and the public generally, that he has opened in the room immediately under his office,

## Grocery and Confectionary Store,

where he intends keeping nearly every article pertaining to the business, should his encouragement warrant it. He has now on hand the following articles, viz:

- | Groceries.            | Confectionaries.  |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Brown and Leaf Sugar, | Peppermint Candy, |
| Raw Coffee,           | Lozong do,        |
| New Orleans Molasses, | Hy-Bonnd do,      |
| Cognac Brandy,        | Almond do,        |
| Madeira Wine,         | Sugar Almonds,    |
| Port do,              | Mint drops,       |
| Newark Cider,         | Bonbons,          |
| Albany Ale,           | Zante Currants,   |
| Sugar Crackers,       | Eggs,             |
| Butter do,            | Almonds,          |
| Water do,             | English Walnuts,  |
| Very Ryeist,          | Filberts,         |
| Maize, No. 2,         | Palm Nuts,        |
| Sardines,             | Peanut do,        |
| Young Hyson Tea,      | Prunes,           |
| Imperial do,          | Cordials,         |
| Black do,             | Essences,         |
| Cheese,               | Catons,           |
| Butter,               | Lemona, fresh,    |
| Mustard,              | Ginger Nuts,      |
| Jars M. and Pickles,  | Tomatinds,        |
| Beef Tongues,         | Mace,             |
| Coniculate,           | Claret.           |

besides many other articles usually kept in such establishments. He has also on hand a supply of good

## SPANISH SEGARS.

He has also now on hand and intends to keep a supply of

## COFFEE.

of all kinds should the demand warrant it. As he intends to sell publicly for each his articles are offered to the public at the lowest rates. He hopes the Ladies will give him a call. Mrs. Holton will be in attendance to wait on them.

The subscriber hopes by affording his articles, which are of the best quality, low for cash, to merit a share of public patronage.

THOS. J. HOLTON.  
Oct. 31st, 1845.

## TO ALL TEACHERS.

## VALUABLE SCHOOL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY GRIGG & ELLIOT, PHILADELPHIA.

GRIGG & ELLIOT'S new series of common School Readers, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. They are among the best series of Reading Olive Books for common Schools ever published in this country. upwards of 80,000 copies have been sold in 18 months. Among many other letters of Recommendation the following has just been received from one of the best teachers in Pennsylvania.

LESLIE PORT, Berks Co., Aug. 25, 1845.  
Messrs. Grigg & Elliot—Gentlemen—Accept my thanks for the series of Readers you were so kind as to send me by my friend Dr. Barrak, when he was last in the city. I consider them decidedly the best school Readers I have met with, I have introduced them into the school at this place and find them fully to answer my expectations, I have also introduced Grimshaw's History of the United States, another of your valuable school publications, I am very much pleased with Dr. Russell's works on Anatomy and Botany, which you kindly sent me. They appear to me to be just the works needed to bring the subject of Natural History within the compass of our Common Schools, and I intend during the coming winter to make an effort to introduce the subject into the school here and for this purpose, I would like to possess the whole series of eight uniform volumes, which I have requested Dr. Barrak to procure for me.

Very respectfully,  
H. C. BAKER,  
Principal Lees Port Seminary.

All the above Books are for sale, wholesale and retail, by Leroy Springs, Charlotte, Henry D. Turner, Raleigh and by the country Merchants and Bookellers generally in our state and by the Bookellers in Philadelphia and New York cities. The publishers invite all the Teachers who have the interest of their pupils at heart to examine their valuable series of School Books before introducing any others.

## THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MIRROR.

A NEW VOLUME

## OF THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

WILL COMMENCE

## The First Week in April.

WHEN some important improvements will be made in its character and appearance. It is the determination of the proprietor to make it, from the date of the New Volume, the very Best LITERARY JOURNAL in America, and to carry out the plan, no pains or expense will be spared. The *Logging System*, so much in vogue with some of the periodicals of the day, will not be relied on in the editorial department of the New York Mirror; and what the editor and his assistants cannot do, the printer and his assistants will do. The Editor and his assistants will be liberally paid for writing. We shall be able to give a special FOREIGN and DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE, of the very highest character and style, with ORIGINAL TALES and ESSAYS not surpassed by any other Journal.

MR. WILLIS'S ENGAGEMENT to contribute to TWO VOLUMES each week still exists, and will continue during the next volume.

The Elegant Quarto Form of the Mirror, at the end of the year, will worth preserving as faithful and spirited literary Records of the Time. It will be handsomely printed on fine paper, manufactured for the express purpose, and will be forwarded by the earliest mails, in strong wrappers, to every part of the United States and Canada. Postage free within thirty miles of New York.

**TERMS:**  
One copy one year in advance, \$3 00  
One copy two years, 5 00  
Two copies one year, 10 00  
Five, 15 00  
Eight, 20 00  
Twelve, 25 00

All communications should be addressed post paid, to H. FULLER, corner Ann, and Nassau streets, New York.

## Cogniac Brandy

For medicinal purposes, for sale by the bottle. T. J. HOLTON.

## Vinegar

For sale by the subscriber. Also RICE. T. J. HOLTON.

April 9, 1846.

## POETRY.



## For Ever Thine.

In the range of English Fugitive Poetry, few pieces are to be met with of deeper pathos or more tender feeling, than the following, by Alario Watts. It breathes the very soul of devoted affection.

For ever thine, whatever the heart betide,  
For ever thine, wherever our lot be cast—  
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will bear its hate;  
False friends may change and false hopes decline;  
The bow of envious care, we'll smile at fate,  
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

For ever thine—when circling years have sped  
Time's snowy blossoms o'er thy placid brow;  
When youth's rich glow, its purple light is fled,  
And lines bloom where roses flourish now.

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,  
Whose springing radiance has been wholly mine!  
Not come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,  
Lest I should lose thee, and my heart be left behind.

For ever thine, at evening's dewy hour,  
When gentle hearts to tender thoughts incline;  
When balmy odors from each closing flower  
Are breathing round us—thine, for ever thine!

For ever thine, amid the bustling crowd,  
When the jet apparatus with the sparkling wine,  
I may not name thy gentle name aloud,  
But drink to thee in thought—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet, profess that airy sound;  
The depths of love could such rude hearts divide;  
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,  
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, for ever thine!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## From the New York Mirror.

## MARY ECKHART.

A SCHOOL FOR YOUNG WIDOWS.

## CHAPTER I.

## The Roman Wall.

I have ever been an admirer of the beauties of Nature, even from the period of early boyhood, when with wild glees I ranged the fields, the woods, the glens, to my maturer years—to those years when the beam of manhood awells with emotions approaching to rapture, in contemplating the works of the Deity.

Often have I gazed with wonder, not unmingled with awe, upon the lofty mountain—cloud-capt, and rearing its head in aspiring majesty toward heaven! The torrent foaming in its rapid course down the precipitous rock! The gloomy forest, or the expansive lake—deep, calm, and reflecting the gorgeous magnificence of coloring, that tinged the evening clouds floating above.

My childhood had been spent amongst the wild and picturesque scenery of Cumberland; and the remembrance of early events was still associated with images of the romantic and the beautiful; and not infrequently some well remembered air, some casual expression, may even the peculiar tone of a voice, awakened a chain of recollections, which carried me back to the scenes of boyhood and turned every feeling to harmony.

I had now, however, been some years in the metropolis, and engaged in the duties of an arduous profession. Misfortune had scattered the different members of our family abroad; the old mansion was tenanted by strangers; and the garden and the grove yielded their sweets to other possessors.

The season of romance had also passed; for, alas, there is little of romance to be found among the general occurrences of this working-day world—and yet the events which I am about to relate will appear exceedingly like it.

In an interval of leisure, I accepted the invitation given by an old friend, who had become a resident in the neighborhood of the spot which was formerly my native home. In paying him a visit, I knew I could also indulge myself in rambling once more through scenes so dear to my earliest and happiest days.

I had already spent some weeks with my friends, and they had sped like so many brief days, when I began to prepare, rather unwillingly, for my return to the monotonous routine of the law, and the dull cares of city life. Almost on the eve of departing, it occurred to me to indulge in a ramble, which I had in truth long before planned but had forgotten.

Though not a professed antiquary, I must acknowledge a strong predilection for investigating ancient ruins. A dilapidated castle, or a tower, time worn and gradually crumbling into dust, affords me far more pleasure in the contemplation, than can the most finished modern pile, though elevated with the justest regard to proportion, and exhibiting all the graces of architectural embellishment. At this time, however, neither crumbling tower nor ruined castle called my attention; I was simply bent on tracing the remains—provided I should be fortunate enough to find them—of the wall of Severus, and which I had learned lay at the distance of a few miles, only, from the residence of my friend.

My health, which a close application to the duties of my profession had somewhat impaired, had now become invigorated; I said, and believed, it was from inhaling the fresh air from my native hills; and robust as I now found myself, I laughed at the apprehension of my friend, when he expressed his fears that I was about to encounter a fatigue which might prove too great for my newly recovered strength.

My ramble was delightful. I indulged

my curiosity by investigating what traces yet remained of a once formidable barrier, and giving full play to fancy in dreams of the past—conjuring up the time when the Roman army drove the hardy Celt back to his native fastnesses, in vain; imagining the appearance of our ancient Pictish foes when, armed with the slender lance or weighty sword,—the backer formed of hide or osier—they sustained the conflict against the determined Norman warrior.

It was a lovely day, in the beginning of autumn. The morning had been cool, but as the hours advanced the sun shone down with fervid heat. I became sensible of great weariness and, in despite of exertion and research, keenly alive to the comfort which a good dinner would have afforded. Where, or how this could be obtained was the question; and one which I thought at the time of no little moment. I cast my eyes around—not a habitation of any sort could I see; and to increase the difficulty, I now found that I had unconsciously left the beaten track, and completely lost my way. There was nothing for it but to exercise my patience and philosophy; so following the course of the beautiful Elen, I trusted I should soon arrive at some dwelling at which I might get liberty to rest, and perhaps, also, obtain refreshment. At this moment a person, bearing the appearance of a gentleman, issued from a copse on the left. He was followed by a servant, who carried a fowling-piece, a game pouch and a basket. In approaching, our eyes met; we bowed at the same moment; and ventured to accost him.

"A fine day, sir!"

He raised his eyes to my face, for an instant, and dropping them, replied merely by an assenting nod; then after a pause, as if reflecting himself—"Fine! very fine, sir!—Have you walked far?" regarding, as he spoke, my dust-colored habiliments. I told him I had, and proceeded to explain my embarrassment in having lost, or rather mistaken my way, at the same time requesting to know if there was any public house in the vicinity, at which I might obtain refreshment. He hesitated.

"I know of none," he at length replied, "at least in the neighborhood;—you seem too much overcome by heat and fatigue, to walk much further without resting awhile; my house is not far distant, you shall go home with me to dinner, if you please."

The invitation was given with a mixture of hesitation and frankness—but I was not disposed to cavil at trifles—I thanked him, and acquiesced quite willingly to his proposal.

"Go forward, Frank," said he to his servant, "and let your mistress know we are coming." Then again addressing me, "I set out this morning to join a party of friends, in the hope of enjoying a shooting excursion; but the warmth of the day discouraged them, I believe, for they did not all assemble, and we concluded to give the matter up, for the present." This induced a conversation on game and the Game laws, which lasted till we came in sight of a respectable looking dwelling, the whole air of which breathed opulence and comfort, though not exactly elegance; for while bearing a character superior to even the better sort of farm-houses, it did not arrive at that distinction of feature, which marks the residence of the man of rank. My host desired me to enter, and obligingly put me in the way of making myself comfortable, by desiring a footman to show me to a chamber, where by the aid of clothes brush, water and towels, I was enabled to arrange my travel-stained dress, and get myself in tolerably decent trim for dinner.

In the dining-room, I was introduced to the lady of the mansion—a woman of about forty years of age, as I supposed; by no means prepossessing in appearance; tall and elegant with harsh features, rather sinister expression. In short, I could not help thinking her one of the most unlovable persons, in appearance at least, that I had ever beheld; yet my heart smote me for my uncharitable opinion, when she smilingly requested me to take a seat at a rather plentifully covered board.

We had just placed ourselves at the table, and my hostess, turning an anxious look toward the door, seemed on the point of making some inquiry of one of the servants in attendance, when a lubberly, awkward, shambling lad, of some ten or a dozen years old, burst into the room. He rushed forward into the middle of it, and then abruptly stopped, exclaiming—"Well, if you ain't all seated, eating your dinner, and no one ever told us it was ready!"

"Never mind, come to the table," said my host, whose name I had by this time discovered was Donaldson.

"Yes, come here, my pet," cried the lady; "here is your chair for you, by me." Laying her hand, as she spoke, on the vacant chair next her, and trying to draw it still closer to her side.

"If I wasn't so horridly hungry, I wouldn't eat, though; I can tell you that!" responded the young gentleman; his rough, red hair bristling upright, and every feature swelling with sultriness and ill humor.

"Oh, my love, this is very wrong!" said his mother; "don't be cross;—what will you have to eat?" Thus solicited, he cast his eyes over the various dishes of smoking viands.

"I'll have some of that beef, and some ham; and you may give me some chicken, and—"

"Stay, my son," said Mr. Donaldson;—"one of those things at a time. It is not proper for you to have such a variety on your plate, at once."

"But I say I must!" roared the boy;—"I ain't never helped to ham and chicken—and why shouldn't I?"

"Well, ham and chicken be it then," said his father; and helped him accordingly.

He ate voraciously; and I believe my countenance betrayed my surprise at the singular audacity of this spoiled heir, as Mrs. Donaldson commenced a sort of excuse in his behalf. Her son had been accustomed, she said, to little restraint; having been suffered to run about and do as he pleased, on account of his health, which had always been delicate: (by the way, he was as rugged a piece of humanity as I had ever beheld, of his inches; and did not look as if he had ever suffered an hour's indisposition in his life.) For the same reason, she added, he had never been sent to school;—where, indeed, he would have improved in his manners, no doubt, but then—school-masters are so harsh.

"Not a bit too much so," observed Mr. Donaldson. "Thaddeus must go to school!—He is getting ruined at home."

The object of parental solicitude now, unceremoniously interrupted a discourse, which he had not finished with the smallest portion of his attention, by vociferously demanding a supply of fricasseed hare; and availing himself of the temporary quiet, which his all-absorbing occupation permitted to enjoy, I hoped to have some conversation with his father, on the subject of the surrounding country; to which, as it was many years since I had left it, I was in some sort a stranger.

"You were formerly a resident in Cumberland?" said Mr. Donaldson, enquiringly, in answer to an observation made by me, relative to the neighborhood.

I informed him that my family had lived many years at the distance of about twenty or thirty miles from his house.

He appeared to muse.

"Your name, I think, is—"

"Dudley."

Donaldson looked at his wife, I thought, with peculiar meaning. She returned the glance with one of similar interest. "Have you been long removed from this part of the country?" he asked.

"Many years."

He looked pleased at my reply. "I have not," he observed, with what I thought an air of assumed carelessness, "been a resident here very long, myself, and I cannot therefore be supposed to know many of the old inhabitants, or their descendants."

I bowed, and was silent.

There was something in the manner of Mr. Donaldson which I thought peculiar, and which awakened my attention from the first moment of our meeting. In stature, he was of the middling height; rather thick-set, and although not badly proportioned yet ungraceful. His motions were hurried, and his exceedingly light blue eyes unsettled and roving in their expression, always dropped beneath the gaze of the person who addressed him. He evidently wished to be considered of consequence; appeared to require a great deal of attention from his domestics, and spoke to them with an air of authority. I further remarked, that in some things there appeared to be more show of ostentation than display of good taste. A great deal of rich and massive family plate was exhibited, I could not avoid thinking, quite unnecessarily, as our party was so small; and in many instances the articles were ill applied.

I was interrupted in my cogitations, by the clamorous appeals of the fair apartment for more pudding. His wish being gratified and peace once more restored, I thought to propitiate the young Orson, by that motive which is generally agreeable to children of his years. Availing myself of what I considered a favorable interval of his employment, I inquired—"Pray how old are you, my little man?" My question arrested the spoon, midway in its career; he stared at me a moment, but without replying, and then proceeded to refill his mouth.

"My dear, why do you not answer the gentleman?" asked his mother, sending her head down to him.

"What do I care for the gentleman?" said he, in an audible whisper; then, aloud—"Father, I've done my dinner; give me some wine!" "Fork it away," she spoke, plate, knife and all, with the same grace which had distinguished his other actions.

"Here is a bumper for you," said his father, handing him a large glass of wine.—"The boy seized it, and in an instant swallowed the contents." "Father," he cried, as soon as he regained his breath, and setting down his glass with energy, as he spoke, "I'll tell you whose fault it must have been, that I was not called to dinner when you all sat down to it—it must have been Dick's."

"Well, suppose so?"

"Why, I'll get you to flog him."

"I,—do I ever flog Dick?"

The boy meditated a pert reply, but catching his father's glance, covered a little, he said, in a muttering tone, "Well, if you won't, I'll make old Griff bang him well."

Mrs. Donaldson laughed at what she called "the spirit of the dear creature;" while the object of mistaken tenderness, sliding from his seat, ran out of the room and relieved me, at least, from his presence.

We now arose from the table, and led the way into the next apartment. It was large and handsomely furnished, and from the windows there was a fine view of the rich adjoining country. The aspect of the weather had changed. The clouds, which in the morning lay in light fleecy piles on the horizon, now assumed a dark and lurid hue, rolling in dense masses over the heavens; the thunder muttered among the hills, and the effect of the gust was seen in the distance, while yet unheeded. On it came, bending the tall tree tops towards the earth, and sweeping over the shrubs and long grass, in its course toward a pretty lake which lay near the house; the impending clouds darkening its late glossy surface, which soon

became ruffled and, curling into irregular waves, dashed with impetuous violence against its borders. The gloom increased, and rain began to fall in torrents. A sharp flash of lightning suddenly penetrated the gloom. Mrs. Donaldson, uttering an exclamation, threw herself into a chair; and her son, who had rejoined us, crept close to his mother, shrinking with every blast that swept by; trembling, cowering, striving to thrust his closed fists into his mouth, and observing every symptom of slight fear, kept kicking with his heels against the legs of the chair on which he was seated. The rain, deluging the windows, prevented objects from being distinguished without; and turning, I joined my host, who was slowly promeneing the room.

Another bright flash was succeeded by a tremendous burst of thunder. Mrs. Donaldson shrieked and threw her apron over her face, while young Thaddeus, in an ecstasy of terror, sprang from his seat and buried his face in her lap. Even the steps of my host became for a moment less certain. He posted opposite to his wife, and I could not avoid remarking the pallidness of his visage, as he addressed her.